



No. 17

F-10/18

# HILLBILLY AND COWBOY

# HIT PARADE

COMPLETE  
WORDS  
AND  
MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR  
GUITAR • UKE  
BANJO • PIANO  
VIOLIN • VOICE

SEARCHING  
ANY OLD TIME

HOPING THAT YOU'RE  
HOPING

YOU ARE THE ONE

WE'LL FIND A WAY

YOU GOTTA BE MY BABY

CONSCIENCE I'M GUILTY

HONKY TONK MAN

UNTIL I MET YOU

As Recorded By  
HANK SNOW  
KITTY WELLS  
WEBB PIERCE  
LOUVIN BROS.  
GEORGE JONES

*Plus*  
PICTURES  
and  
STORIES  
of your  
Favorite Stars



# HILLBILLY & COWBOY HIT PARADE

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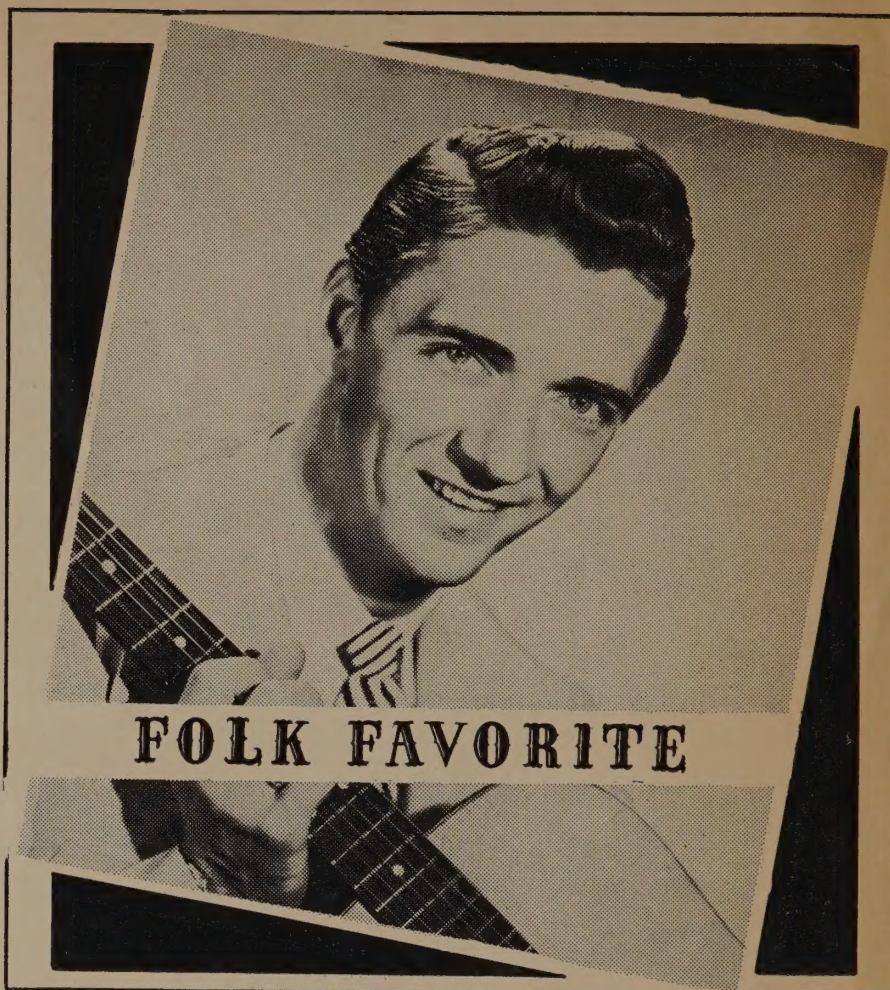
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## CARL SMITH

Like so many other school boys in 1945, graduation could only mean one thing for young Carl Smith — that there was military service ahead. Three days before his scheduled graduation, Carl left his home in Maynardsville, Tennessee, for 18 months service aboard a Navy troop transport — during which time his guitar was always with him.

Carl's hitch in the Navy was followed by a series of disappointments. He played radio shows and personal appearances in Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia with little success. Several times hunger and disappointment forced him home to farming for awhile. Once he found all his guitars locked up for back rent. But each time Carl came back slugging.

In 1950, then 23 years old and none too confident of success, Carl was persuaded by Troy Martin and Charlie Lamb to do an audition for WSM's program director, Jack Stapp. At the same time, he was introduced by tape recording to Don Law of Columbia Records. Law's decision was that there would be a contract if Carl was accepted for WSM and Grand Ole Opry. Jack Stapp was encouraging; but it was a month before the call from WSM came through.

At any rate, the call from Jack Stapp did come — late at night, in early Spring of 1950. On April 19, Carl made his first Opry appearance from the stage of Nashville's Ryman Auditorium. Within a year, his popularity had grown to a fever pitch, and the success that followed is common knowledge. Carl's greatest ambition had been fulfilled. He would be content, he once said, "just

to stay at WSM and the 'Grand Ole Opry' and pick and sing until I fall over and die."

To most of us, Carl Smith is a brilliant entertainment personality — one whose whole life is spent on a stage playing his guitar and singing. The excitement Carl has caused in the Folk music world and the great popularity that is his is only the natural extension of the excitement of his private life — and of his popularity among all who know him. Let's take a look at Carl as we might if we were to visit him in his home.

The white, farm-style fence which surrounds the Smith residence and the pleasant trees which shelter his second-floor porch promise a happy and relaxed scene within the unassuming brick Nashville house which is home to him. If he had to pick a favorite room in his home, Carl tells us his choice would probably be the panelled den. Here he is free to relax as he pleases and to play his guitar for his own enjoyment. The den holds Carl's extensive record collection and some of the trophies and plaques which his own recordings have won for him.

One of Carl's hobbies is collecting antique guns. Among his favorites are a pair of 45's that he handles with especially loving care.

Although it would be impossible for every Carl Smith fan to visit him personally in his home, Carl surely wishes they all could. For, this attractive and successful singer has not lost a bit of the humility and spirit of hospitality which he learned as a farm boy back in Maynardsville, Tennessee.



## WE'LL FIND A WAY

By  
WEBB PIERCE

THEY SAY THAT WE'RE TOO YOUNG, THEY SAY I'LL LEAD YOU  
WRONG, THAT LOVE WE DO NOT KNOW THE MEAN-ING OF.  
SOME-DAY YOU'LL BE MY OWN, WE'LL PROVE TO THEM THEY'RE  
WRONG, SOME-HOW I KNOW WE'LL FIND A WAY.  
WE WILL FIND CON-TENT-MENT IN OUR LOVE SOME-DAY  
KNOW-ING THAT YOU LOVE ME IT'S AL-RIGHT THIS WAY.  
WHAT THE PEO-PLE SAY CAN'T CHANGE THE WAY I FEEL,  
SOME-HOW I KNOW WE'LL FIND A WAY.



# SEARCHING

(FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU)

Words and Music by  
MURPHY MADDOX

Slowly

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is played in the right hand with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, and the bass line is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'.

Voice

With much expression

First vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'.

Chords: C, Cmaj7, C7, F, Dm7, G7, C, Am7

Search - ing, I've spent a life - time, dar - ling Search - ing,

Second vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'.

Chords: Dm7, G7, C, Am7, D7, Dm7, G7, C, Cmaj7, C7

Look - ing for some - one like you. Dream - ing,

Third vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'.

Chords: F, Dm7, G7, C, Am7, Dm7, G7, Dm7, G7

In all my dreams I dream that some - day I'd find some - one like



C Dm7 C7 F Dm7 G7 C

you. Oth - er loves have come my way but they were not for

C7 F G7 C Dm7

me, Tell me that you're here to stay, don't ev - er set me free.

G7 C#dim G7 D#dim C Cmaj7 C7 F Dm7 G7 C Am7

'Cause I've been Search-ing, I've spent a life - time, dar-ling, Search-ing,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 1. C G7 2. C Dm7 C

Look - ing for some - one just like you. you.

rall.



# HOPING THAT YOU'RE HOPING

By  
BETTY E. HARRISON

1. EV - 'RY MIN-UTE OF THE DAY I'M THINK-IN'  
2. EV - 'RY TIME I THINK A - BOUT THE WAY YOU'D

'BOUT YOU AND WITH - OUT YOU LIFE IS JUST A CRAZY DREAM;  
CUD - DLE UP AND SPUD - DLE UP AND THRILL ME WITH YOUR CHARMS

EV - 'RY BREATH I TAKE I'M  
I GET DIZ - ZY IN THE

HOP-IN' THAT YOU'RE HOP-IN' THAT I'M HOP-IN' YOU'LL RE-TURN TO ME.  
HEAD AND THEN IT'S SEEM-ING THAT I'M DREAMING I'M LOCKED IN YOUR LOV-ING

CAN YOU RE - MEM - BER, DEAR, WHEN YOU SAID IF I  
ARMS

EV - ER STOPPED LOV-ING YOU YOU'D RATH - ER BE DEAD. WELL,

DEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT ON EARTH CHANGED YOUR MIND NO

MAT - TER WHO'S HOLD-ING YOU YOUR HEART IS STILL MINE.

EV - 'RY BREATH I TAKE I'M HOP-IN' THAT YOU'RE HOP-IN' THAT I'M

HOP-IN' YOU'LL RE-TURN TO ME.





## JOHNNY HORTON

The boy who's known far and wide as the "Singing Fisherman" is riding high on the "waves of success" and is sure not to be "washed up" for years and years — and then some. All you real Country fans know we're talking about none other than tall and handsome Johnny Horton.

Johnny has a new disc out that is drawing plenty of plays — and plenty of attention. It's his new Columbia circle, "Honky Tonk Man", and the "Singing Fisherman's" many fans have been flockin' to their record shops and buying the wax as soon as it hits the shelves.

The fisherman part of Johnny's title was given to him because he's a real expert with reel and tackle. When he was only seventeen, Johnny Horton was considered top man when it came to bass and trout.

Movie "big-wigs" have been after the handsome fella, but his regularly scheduled three TV shows a week have made it rough for him to accept many offers. However, he did have featured roles in "The Life Of Will Rogers" and "Distant Drums", which featured Gary Cooper.

The thirty-year-old Country singer was big in the Mercury Record fold for a good many years, turning out hit after hit for them. His first release to draw attention was "First Train Headin' South". This was followed by

another smash hit, "Child's Side Of Life". Johnny has many fine records to his credit but among the most popular are "I Won't Forget", "The Rest Of Your Life", "Tennessee Jive", "The Mansion You Stole", "I Won't Get Dreamy Eyed" and "S.S. Laureye". He's now one of Columbia Record's top sellers.

The Horton boy has a repertoire of over 300 tunes, and this may be one of the reasons he is so well received on personal appearance tours. Although Johnny has been on the same show with the biggest names in Country-Western music, he told us his greatest thrill was when he was on the stage with the "Late And Great" Hank Williams.

A little background material may help you get acquainted with this fine entertainer. As a youth Johnny studied guitar under his mother's guidance, who was a well-known music teacher. Johnny was satisfied just to sing for family and friends, and it might have remained that way if it hadn't been for a dare. Someone told Johnny he didn't have the nerve to enter a singing contest. Well, he not only entered the contest, but won it hands down.

Here's a few of Johnny Horton's statistics so that you'll recognize him if you see him walking down your street. He stands 6' 2" and weighs 175 pounds without his saddle, and although Johnny's not one to brag, he has good

reason to. He was offered 26 scholarships to colleges all over the country — and accepted the one from Baylor, spending three years at that institution of higher learning.

The Johnny Horton Fan Club is ever expanding and there's always room for one more. If you're interested in becoming a member, all you have to do is contact the president, Mrs. Dot Barnhart. Her address is Box 1641, Huges Springs, Texas. Get out those pens folks and join up with the "Singing Fisherman", Johnny Horton.

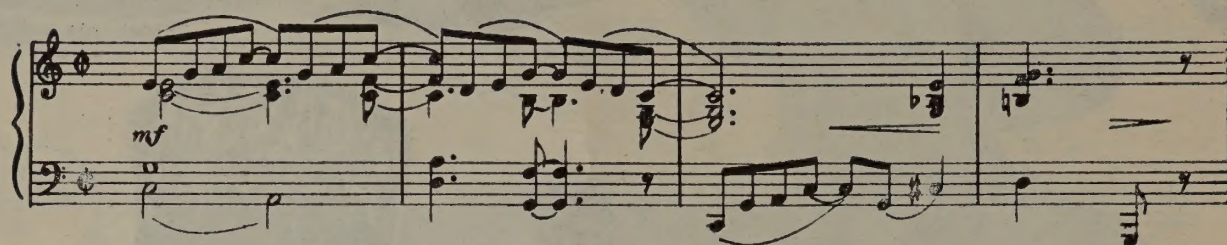
Johnny wants all you guys and gals to know that he certainly appreciates all the wonderful things you folks have been doing for him right along. As Johnny said, "I don't believe any recording artist — or anybody in the music business, for that matter — can ever reach the top without the aid of his loyal fans and friends. Not only do they buy the records and attend the personals, but their friendship and loyalty just seems to give an artist that needed helping hand to push him ahead. That's why I make doubly sure that every song I sing or record will please my fans. So, I certainly would like to tell all you HILLBILLY AND COWBOY HIT PARADE readers just how much I love each and every one of you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."



## ANY OLD TIME

Words and Music by  
JIMMIE RODGERS

Moderately bright tempo



Chorus

AN - Y OLD TIME \_\_\_\_\_ you want to come back home, \_\_\_\_\_

The first line of the chorus is written for voice and piano. The voice part has a melody with a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand. The key signature is G major, and the time signature is 2/4.

Drop me a line, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm so lone - some since you're gone; \_\_\_\_\_

The second line of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. The voice part has a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand. The key signature is G major, and the time signature is 2/4.

I had my chance, - I played the game un - fair, - But

The third line of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. The voice part has a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand. The key signature is G major, and the time signature is 2/4.



D7 G Guitar tacet . . . . . Em B G7

when you left me sweet-heart, — I nev - er tho't I'd real - ly care; —

C C7 F C D7

Now that you're gone, — I don't know what to do; — Won't you please come

G7 Guitar tacet . . . . . G7 C

back, 'Cause I'm still in love with you; You'll find me here, — like the

C7 F C G7

day you left me a - lone; — AN - Y OLD TIME, — you want to come back home.

1. C C#° G7 2. C Am6 C

AN - Y OLD TIME.





# TALL TALES &

By **BOBBY GREGORY**

Speakin' of tall tales and champion-ship liars, the Old West could claim more of 'em than any other section of land under the sun. The deserts, mountains and plains seemed to stimulate a man's imagination and make a mountain out of a mole hill. A man from the East may have been a small liar when he came West, but after hearing the tall tales of some of the prospectors, cowboys, construction and railroad ers, he soon became as big a story teller as they. These men weren't vicious liars; they told the stories for the fun of it and to entertain others. They would stretch out the facts and make them sound as if they really happened.

There was one old timer called "Lyin' Jack." One of Jack's favorite tales was about a giant elk he once killed that measured 15 feet between his antlers, claiming he used the antlers as the framework for his cabin, which held up the entire roof. Jack used to hold the crowd and the hunters spellbound while telling how he had to fight this giant elk, and it took 43 shots to bring him to his knees. The more Jack would drink, the more dramatic would be his story — but one day a stranger asked him to tell the elk story again. Jack said, "No, I'm through with stories. For years I've been telling these lies, and I've told them so often that I got to believin' them myself. That story of mine about the elk with the 15-foot horns is the thing that cured me. I told that one so often that I would sometimes see that giant elk charging me in my dreams. To clear up my mind, one night I lit a candle and crawled up in the loft of my cabin to view those giant horns, and all I found was a pair of billy goat horns, too weak to hold up a windswept sagebrush. Boy, oh boy, how those horns did shrivel down when I actually did see them!"

Then there was an old freight wagon driver who used to tell about the big rattlesnakes that he saw while crossing the prairie. They would rattle signals from snake to snake, and when they all rattled together it sounded like a dice game in the back room of the Last Chance Gambling Den. Some of the fellers used to say, "Them rattlers ain't pizen, and if you get bitten, just dab on a chaw of terbaccer and it will go away just like a skeeter bite," but the old freight driver used to say, "I know different, and I'll tell you how I was pullin' out of Tucson one morning with a 14 head team, and I noticed my lead hoss was acting up and starting to crown the wagon tongue. When I seen him rare up with his front feet, I jumped off the wagon and ran up front to see what was wrong. There was a big 5-foot rattler that had struck at the lead hoss and missed him, but struck his fangs into the wagon tongue, and the wagon tongue started to swell up so fast that I had to run back to the wagon and get a saw and saw off the

wagon tongue in a hurry to keep that pizen from traveling back through the wagon tongue in a hurry to keep that in the wagon."

One of the favorite songs of the wagon drivers on their return east with a load of ore was as follows:

## "AMONG THE BUFFALO"

And now we are across the Brazos  
And homeward we are bound,  
No more in that cursed country  
Will we ever be found,  
We'll go home to our wives and  
sweethearts  
And warn others not to go  
To that God-forsaken cactus country  
Way out in New Mexico.

We lived on sagebrush and buffalo hump  
And a lot of sour dough bread,  
Black coffee, and alkali water to drink  
And a bulls hide for a bed  
The way the mosquitos and wood ticks  
Worked on us was not slow,  
God knows there's no worse place on  
earth  
Than out among the buffalo.

One of the wagon drivers who had just returned from a long trip through western Texas was given a party and dance in his honor, and it was attended by young ladies who never tired of asking questions about the wide prairies, the Indians, the cattle and adventures etc. One young lady asked if the wild horses ran in herds like she had read about and asked how large the herds were, and the Westerner told her he had seen droves of thirty to forty thousand horses, and that it took 2 full days for the herd to pass by. He told her about the dust storm that their hoofs stirred up, which took 3 days to clear, and of the Texas spiders which were as big as sea turtles and their bite which was deadly poisonous. But what he hated still worse was the tarantula; for this creature had a hundred legs and a sting in each one of them, besides the two large stingers in his forked tail, and his fangs twice as long as a full-grown rattlesnake. When they sting you with their legs alone, you might possibly live one hour, and when they sting you with all their stingers, you can live fifteen to twenty minutes. But when they sting and bite you at the same time, you first turn to a light blue color, then to a bright yellow, then to a sea green, then your eyes pop out, and your hair falls off, and your finger nails drop off and you're dead as a door-nail in three minutes. The only cure for that is to not get bitten in the first place.

The young lady asked, "My oh my, how did you manage to live so long in that horrible place?"

"Well, you see," said the Westerner, "I have my tarantula boots made of alligator skin and lined inside with zinc plating, and my hunting-shirt is made of thick rattlesnake hides with their rattles used as buttons, and the shirt, is

lined with copper, so I have escaped pretty well. But, still, these don't protect you against the stinging of scorpions, cow-killers and scaly-back chinchies, which crawl about at night when you are asleep. The only way to keep them at a distance is to pour a circle of moonshine likker around where you sleep, and when they smell the likker they get drunk and head the other way.

"Oh, my," said the young lady, "what a horrible country that must be, when a person has to carry whisky with them to keep from getting stung to death."

"Well," said the Westerner, "the people out there don't seem to mind it too much. They get used to it after a while; in fact, they seem to like it, for they chaw tobacco and drink whiskey even in the winter time, when the cow-killers and stinging lizzards are all frozen up in the ground.

"There was a big demand for Buffalo skimmers, and the work was dangerous and hard. But a feller could make as much money in 3 months on the buffalo range as he could around the town in six or eight months time, so many of the younger men took to the range for a quick stake. One of the tunes that was popular at that time was the well known old song "The Buffalo Skinners", which goes like this:

## "THE BUFFALO SKINNERS"

Come, all you jolly cowboys, and listen  
to my song,  
There's not too many verses, it won't  
detract you long,  
For it concerns some fellows who did  
agree to go  
And spend the summer hunting on the  
range of the buffalo.

It happened in West Texas, in the  
spring of seventy three,  
A man by the name of Jackson came  
stepping up to me,  
Says "How do you do, young feller, and  
how would you like to go  
And spend this summer hunting, on the  
range of the buffalo."

And me being out of employment, to  
Jackson I did say,  
"This going on the buffalo range  
depends upon the pay,  
But if you'd pay good wages, and  
transportation, too,  
Then I think I would go with you to the  
range of the buffalo."

He said, "I'll pay good wages, with  
transportation, too,  
Provided you will go with me and stay  
all summer through,  
But if you should grow homesick, and  
pack and go home,  
I won't pay transportation from the  
range of the buffalo."

And now we've crossed the river, boys,  
our troubles have begun,  
The first darn skin I tried to rip, I  
slipped and cut my thumb,  
While skinning them old stinkers, it



# SONGS OF THE WEST

sure wasn't a show,  
The redskins tried to pick us off while  
skinning the buffalo.  
Our meat it was buffalo rump, and old  
iron wedge bread,  
And all we had to sleep on was buffalo  
skin for a bed  
The fleas and ticks they chewed on us  
and made our skin all sore,  
There's no place worse on this whole  
earth than the range of buffalo.

The season being nearly o'er, old  
Jackson he did say  
The boys had been extravagant and in  
debt to him that day,  
We coaxed him and we begged him, but  
still he wouldn't go,  
So we left his bones to bleach there on  
the range of the buffalo.

We've crossed back o'er the river, and  
homeward we are bound,  
No more in that hardship country shall  
we ever be found,  
We'll go back to our homeland, tell  
others not to go,  
We're glad to get away from the land  
of the buffalo.

In the early days, buffalo roamed  
the prairies in countless herds. Some of  
the old-timers said they had seen herds  
of twenty-five thousand, thirty, forty,  
and even fifty-thousand head of buffalo.

One day a traveling man stopped at  
Platte, and began bragging about the  
giant herd of buffalo he had passed that  
day. He offered to bet the saloon keeper  
a drink for everybody in town if he  
could find a man who had seen a larger  
herd than he had seen that day. He  
said he was willing to hold his hand up  
and swear that there were more than  
100,000 buffalo in the herd, so the bar-  
tender called in some of the old buffalo  
skinner and asked them how big a herd  
they had seen in their lifetime. Some  
said fifty-thousand, some said seventy-  
five thousand and some said ninety to  
a hundred thousand.

One old-timer said he once saw about  
125,000 in one herd and the traveling  
man spoke up and said, "Where were  
you when you saw all these buffalo?"  
and the old-timer said, "I was a boy  
travelin' with a wagon train, just south  
of Platte, when we were forced to  
circle our wagons to protect our horses  
from the stampede of the buffalo. For  
5 days and nights it took the whole  
crew of men to shoo the buffalo away  
from the wagons, and the horses nearly  
died of thirst waiting for the herd to  
pass by. Then the bartender called in  
an old buffalo skinner known as "Buf-  
falo Joe" and asked him how big a  
herd he had seen, and he put up his  
hand and swore, "As near as I could  
count, it was three million billion seven  
hundred and four — until I saw the  
herd turn around and start back, then I  
tore for the tall timber."

After hearing this, the traveling man  
had the bartender ring the porch bell,

inviting the whole town to free drinks  
on him.

The stories of the West, and how men  
became rich in a short time seemed to  
draw like a magnet, and people were  
willing to go through all kinds of hard-  
ships to get to the Golden West. The  
gold strikes of Virginia City, Nevada  
and California encouraged many young  
couples to pack up their belongings and  
head West, as told in this famous old  
song:

## "SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE"

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey  
from Pike  
Who crossed the big mountains with her  
lover Ike,  
With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow  
dog  
A tall shanghai rooster and one spotted  
hog.

One evening quite early they camped  
on the Platte,  
'Twas close by the road on a green  
shady flat,  
Where Betsey, sore footed, lay down to  
repose  
With wonder Ike gazed on his Pike  
Country rose.

Their wagon broke down with a terrible  
crash  
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds  
of trash,  
A few little baby clothes done up with  
care  
'Twas rather suspicious, but all on the  
square.

The rooster ran off, and their cattle all  
died  
That morning the last piece of bacon  
was fried,  
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey  
was mad  
The dog drooped his tail and looked so  
awful sad.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire  
the way,  
When Brigham declared that sweet  
Betsey should stay,  
But Betsey got frightened and ran like  
a deer  
While Brigham stood pawing the ground  
like a steer.

They soon reached the desert, where  
Betsey gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling  
about,  
While Ike, half distracted, looked on  
with surprise,  
Saying "Betsey, get up, you'll get  
sand in your eyes."  
Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of  
pain,  
Declared she'd go back to Pike  
Country again,  
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly  
embraced  
And they travelled along with his arm  
'round her waist.

They suddenly stopped on a very high  
hill

With wonder they gazed down on old  
Placerville,  
Ike sighed when he said, with his eyes  
downcast,  
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've made  
it at last."

Then Ike and sweet Betsey attended a  
dance,  
Ike wore a pair of his Pike Country  
pants,  
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons  
and rings,  
Says Ike, "You're an angel, if you but  
had wings."

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance  
with me?"  
"I will that, old boy, if you don't act  
too free,  
But don't dance too hard, because I'll  
tell you why,  
I'm tired and I'm chock full of strong  
alkali."

This Pike Country couple were married  
of course,  
But Ike became jealous, and got a  
divorce,  
Sweet Betsey was mad, and said with a  
shout,  
"Goodbye, you big lummo, get packed  
and get out."

Speaking of strong winds and storms,  
one old westerner exclaimed, "Yes, wind  
does get up and blow around here once  
in a while. Most generally it comes  
from the south or the north, and when  
it gets to going whirligig fashion, then  
things start to move. The safest place  
is in a storm shelter just like the ground  
hogs; for them winds have power when  
they come sweeping at you from across  
the prairies. I've seen barns picked up  
and carried about a mile and sat down  
gently without a board or door missing,  
and hen houses and hog sheds drifting  
through the air like falling leaves. I once  
saw some chickens go flying like a  
drove of sparrows and land on a hill  
about a mile away, those chickens didn't  
have a feather left on them; they were  
as naked as a jaybird but still alive.  
And one of my horses was sitting  
propped up in the fork of a tree  
wondering how he got there. The wind  
was so strong that it sucked the water  
up out of a nearby pond, and fish were  
scattered all over the nearby fields.  
Them winds do funny tricks sometimes,  
and it only takes about two minutes to  
change the whole countryside from  
beauty to destruction. But when they  
have passed by, I just sit down and  
enjoy them health-giving prairie winds  
and Western yarns; such as the one  
about the cyclone that sucked the cook-  
stove out of the kitchen, up the chimney  
flue and onto the next town, and came  
back the next day for the cook pots  
and griddles."



# THE WALTZ OF THE ANGELS

BY  
DICK REYNOLDS and  
JACK RHODES

## WALTZ MODTO

① THE WALTZ OF THE AN- GELS I HEAR EACH  
DAR- LIN TO MY WAIT- IN'

TIME I HOLD YOU TIGHT- LY  
ARMS I'LL LOVE YOU FOR - EV - ER

IN THESE ARMS OF MINE IT'S  
AND KEEP YOU FROM HARM WE

SURE - LY FROM HEAV - EN THIS MUS - IC I  
KNOW LOVE IS END - LESS OUR HEARTS HAVE BEEN

HEAR WHEN YOUR LIPS SAY I LOVE  
KISSED BY THE WALTZ OF THE AN

YOU IN WALTZ - TIME, MY DEAR THERE  
GELS AND FAR BE - YOND THIS

MUST BE A POW - ER MUCH HIGH - ER THAN

I A WRI - TER OF LOVE

SONGS 'WAY UP IN THE SKY THE



MAK- ER DF ROS- ES OF LOVE, SWEET AND  
 TRUE THE AND THE WALTZ OF THE AN AN  
 GELS THE MOON-LIGHT AND YOU OH HUR-RY MY  
 GELS HE WROTE JUST FOR  
 YOU.

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## HALF AS GOOD A GIRL

BY  
 JACK RHODES

### WALTZ MODTO

WHILE WALK- IN' DOWN THE STREET ONE DAY I HEARD A  
 GIRL TO AN- OTH- ER ONE MOURN- FUL- LY SAY.  
 MA- RY, OH, MA- RY- I'D BE THE HAP- PIEST GIRL IN  
 TOWN IF I WAS HALF AS GOOD A GIRL AS MY



MOTH-ER THINKS I AM \_\_\_\_\_ I THOUGHT OF YOU AND THE  
 I SAW YOU TO-DAY WITH A-  
 WRONGS I HAVE DONE \_\_\_\_\_ I TOOK CHANCES AT CHEAT-IN' AND  
 WON-DER-FUL GIRL \_\_\_\_\_ IN HER ARMS WAS A BA-BY WITH  
 THOUGHT IT WAS FUN \_\_\_\_\_ I COULD STILL HAVE YOUR SWEET LOVE YOUR  
 CUTE LIT-TLE CURLS \_\_\_\_\_ I HAD A COLD EMP-TY FEEL-IN', I COULD  
 RING ON MY HAND \_\_\_\_\_ IF I WAS HALF AS GOOD A  
 STILL HAVE YOUR LOVE \_\_\_\_\_ IF I WAS HALF AS GOOD A  
 GIRL \_\_\_\_\_ AS MY MOTH-ER THINKS I AM \_\_\_\_\_ NOW, I'VE  
 GIRL \_\_\_\_\_ AS MY MOTH-ER THOT I WAS \_\_\_\_\_  
 BEEN DOWN MANY HIGH-WAYS \_\_\_\_\_ AND GO OUT EV-'RY  
 NIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ BUT MY CON-SCIENCE STILL HURTS ME \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 KNOW IT'S NOT RIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ GIRLS RE-MEM-BER THIS STO-RY \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ BE-FORE YOU GO TOO FAR \_\_\_\_\_ ARE YOU  
 HALF AS GOOD A GIRL AS YOUR MOTH-ER THINKS YOU  
 ARE. \_\_\_\_\_



# UNTIL I MET YOU

--By--  
H. B. JONES  
and  
FARON YOUNG

I NEV-ER KNEW THAT I COULD BE SO IN LOVE \_\_\_\_\_

'TIL I MET YOU, \_\_\_\_\_ UN-TIL I MET YOU. \_\_\_\_\_

I NEV-ER KNEW THAT I COULD BE SO \_\_\_\_\_ TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

'TIL I MET YOU, \_\_\_\_\_ UN-TIL I MET YOU. \_\_\_\_\_

(1) I USED TO BE A ROUND-ER, I USED TO BE \_\_\_\_\_ A  
(2.) MY LIFE IS NOW WORTH LIV-IN' THE WAY I WANT IT TO

FLIRT BUT SINCE I FOUND YOU DAR-LIN' YOUR HEART I'LL NEV-ER  
BE I THANK YOU FOR THIS PAR-A-DISE THAT YOU HAVE GAVE TO

HURT ME \_\_\_\_\_ I NEV-ER KNEW THAT I COULD  
FALL SO IN LOVE 'TIL I MET YOU, \_\_\_\_\_

UN-TIL I MET YOU. \_\_\_\_\_ I NEV-ER YOU. \_\_\_\_\_



# YOU ARE THE ONE

BY  
PAT PATTERSON

**CHORUS**

YOU ARE THE ONE, YOU'RE THE ONE IN MY HEART; - YOU'RE MY DAR-LING, MY  
LIFE'S GREAT-EST THRILL. — YOU ARE THE ONE IN MY HEART AND I  
KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU AND I AL-WAYS WILL. — WILL — WE'VE

**VERSE I**

I'VE MET SOME SWEET-HEARTS AND DEAR, SO HAVE YOU, — I'VE DONE SOME  
THINGS I KNOW I SHOULD-N'T DO. — WE'VE TAST-ED LIFE, BOTH THE  
BIT-TER AND THE SWEET. — IT HELPS US TO KNOW LOVE WHEN WE CHANCE TO MEET. —

**VERSE II**

PAID FOR OUR FU-TURE WITH TEARS FROM THE PAST. — IT HELPS US TO  
KNOW WHEN WE FOUND LOVE AT LAST. — I DID-N'T KNOW WHAT JOY WAS  
'TILL I'VE BEEN BLUE. — I DID-N'T KNOW WHAT LOVE WAS 'TILL I MET YOU. —

*(To Chorus)*

*(To Chorus)*



## HONKY-TONK MAN

By  
JOHNNY HORTON,  
TILLMAN FRANKS  
and  
HOWARD HAUSEY

1. I'M LIV - IN' FAST AND DAN-GEROUS-LY BUT I'VE GOT PLENTY OF  
COM - PA - NY WHEN THE MOON COMES UP AND THE SUN GOES DOWN  
THAT'S WHEN I WANT TO SEE THE LIGHTS OF TOWN.  
(CHO.) 'CAUSE I'M A HONK-Y - TONK MAN AND I CAN'T SEEM TO  
STOP I LOVE TO GIVE THE GIRLS A WHIRL TO THE  
MUS-IC OF AN OLD JUKE BOX BUT WHEN MY MONEY'S ALL  
GONE I'M ON THE TEL - E - PHONE CALL-IN' HEY, HEY,  
MA - MA, CAN YOUR DAD-DY COME HOME.

## (2ND VERSE)

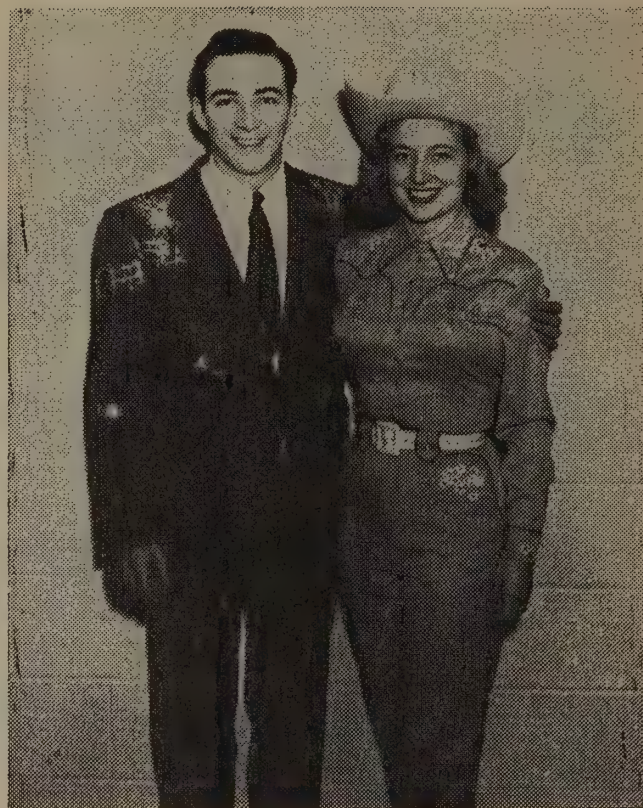
IT TAKES A PURTY LITTLE GIRL AND A JUG OF WINE,  
THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A HONKEY-TONK MIND  
WITH THE JUKE BOX WHININ' HONKEY-TONK STYLE  
THAT'S WHEN I WANT TO LAY MY MONEY DOWN.



# THE STAR-FEST



**HANK SNOW PLAYS**



**FARON YOUNG & JUDY LYNN**



**THE WILBURN BROS. & CARL PERKINS (c)**



**JIM DENNY & JIM REEVES**





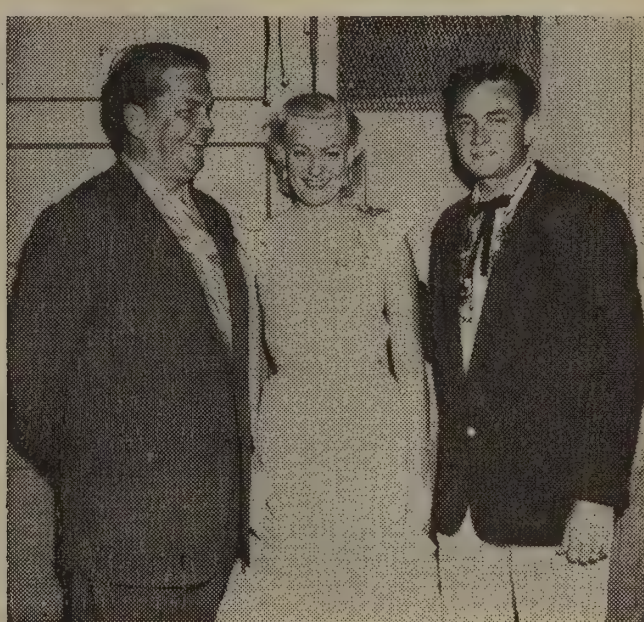
**ELTON BRITT**



**EDDY ARNOLD**



**DEL WOOD AT THE PIANO**



**B. NEAL, A. WILLIAMS, J. CASH**



**CHET ATKINS AT THE OPRY**

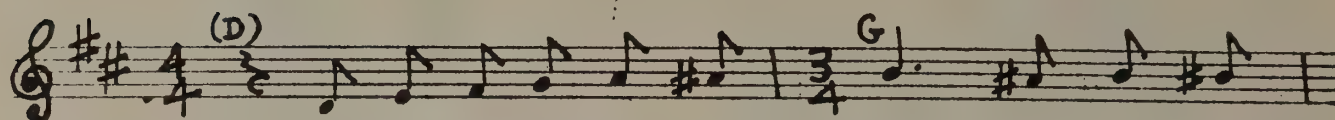


**FERLIN HUSKEY AT THE OPRY**

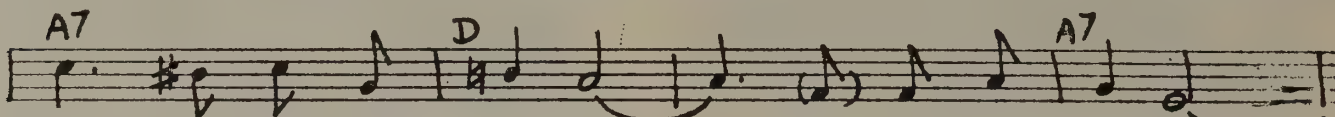


# YOU DONE ME WRONG

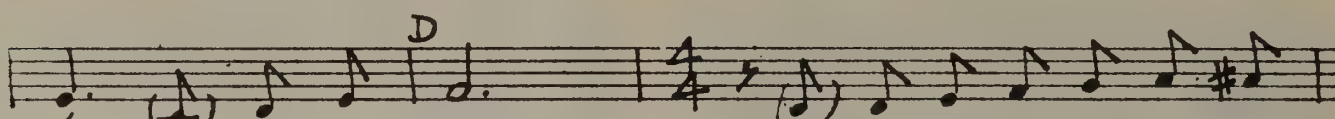
By  
RAY PRICE and S. JONES



1. WELL, YOU TELL ME THAT YOU CARE BUT NOW YOU'RE  
2. DID I EV-ER MAKE YOU SAD SO YOU BE



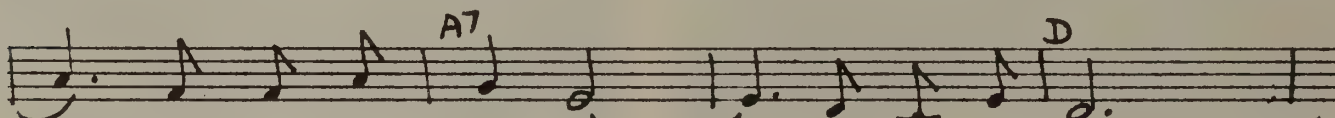
GONE, YOU GOT ME CRY-IN' NO USE DE-NY-IN'  
MAD AND LOVE TO HURT ME. AND DE-SERT ME



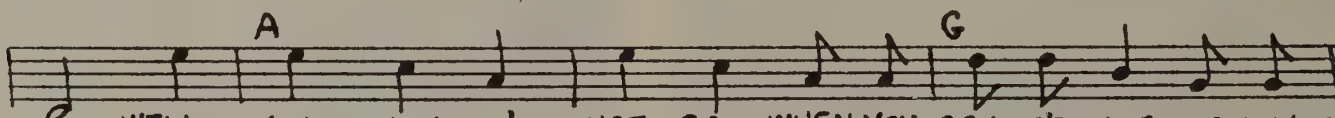
YOU DONE ME WRONG IF I COULD LOOK INSIDE YOUR  
FOR SO LONG WELL, YOU'RE TELLING BY-RY



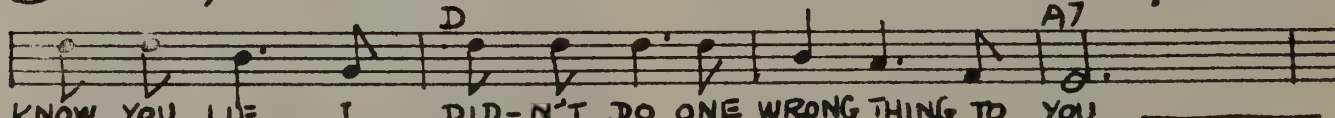
HEART THEN MAY-BE I WOULD KNOW THE REASON  
ONE WHAT YOU DONE, YOU THINK IT'S FUN-NY



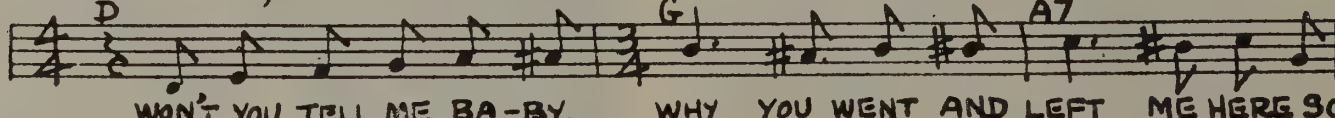
WHY YOU ARE LEAV-IN' ME ALL A-LONE.  
WELL, LISTEN, HON-ER YOU DONE ME WRONG.



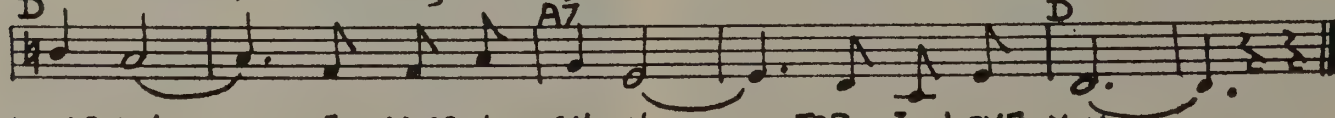
WELL, YOU KNOW IT'S NOT SO WHEN YOU SAY IT'S NOT, WELL YOU



KNOW YOU LIE, I DID-N'T DO ONE WRONG THING TO YOU



WON'T YOU TELL ME, BA-RY, WHY YOU WENT AND LEFT ME HERE SO



LONE-LY I MISS YOU ON-LY FOR I LOVE YOU.

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# CONSCIENCE, I'M GUILTY

By  
JACK RHODES

WALTZ MOD<sup>to</sup>

(VERSE)

(1) NOW I'M DRIV-ING HOME SLOW-LY. MY SPIR-ITS ARE LOW. I CHEAT-ED  
 (2) (BE) TWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG LOVE AND DE-SIRE THIS  
 (3) (WHY DO) I TAKE CHANC-ES WITH HER LOVE SO TRUE FOR THE

ON HER A-GAIN AND WHY I'LL NEV-ER KNOW! I HOPE I  
 GAME THAT I'M PLAY-ING IS MORE DAN-GER-ous THAN FIRE! I MIGHT  
 THRILL OF A KISS FROM SOME-ONE THAT'S NEW? WHO'S SO

DON'T LOOK TOO GUIL-ty WHEN SHE LETS ME IN OH,  
 TALK IN MY SLEEP OR BE CAUGHT BY HER FRIENDS OH,  
 USED TO MY SLEEP CHEAT-ING TO HER IT'S NO SIN OH,

CON-SCIENCE, DON'T EV-ER LET ME DO THAT A-GAIN

(CHORUS)

OH CON-SCIENCE, I'M GUIL-TY, AND I MUST CON-FESS WHEN I

KISSED HER I KNEW I LOVED THE OTH-ER ONE BEST. I WAS

OUT WITH AN OLD FLAME, WHOSE HEART'S FULL OF SIN OH,

CON-SCIENCE, DON'T EV-ER LET ME DO THAT A-GAIN! (2) BE (3) WHY DO GAIN!

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## HANK THOMPSON

Ever since he went into the Country music game, Capitol Records' standout, Hank Thompson, has been chalkin' up hits. One of the first professional jobs Hank ever had was over Station WACO, Waco, Texas (his home town), where he was billed as "Hank The Hired Hand" and needless to say, he made quite a hit with the listeners. When World War II began, Hank joined the Navy — but didn't forget about picking and singing. Packing his guitar with him wherever he was sent, the big fellow spent almost every spare moment entertaining his fellow shipmates — chalkin' up hit after hit with the boys.

Hank's first big break came shortly after he got out of the navy. He recorded one of his own songs, "Whoa Sailor", on a small label called Globe Records which became a very big regional hit. The tune — and Hank — came to the attention of Hal Horton, of KRLD, Dallas, and before long "Whoa Sailor" was Number One in the Waco-Dallas area. Horton was quick to recognize the tremendous talent of this singing, songwriting young Texan and made the pitch to several larger record companies — but nothing happened.

Hank continued turning 'em out for Globe, with his next release, "Humpty Dumpty Heart", making plenty of

noise. Once again, Hal Horton approached the large recording companies, and this time Capitol Records jumped on the Thompson bandwagon, signing Hank to a long-term contract. Capitol took over the "Humpty Dumpty Heart" disc, and it became an overnight sensation, selling over a million copies. This was Hank Thompson's first national hit — and many more have followed during the past several years.

Since his first smash, the Thompson lad has waxed such top-selling platters as "Green Light", "Tomorrow Night", "Love Thief", "Today", "Waiting In The Lobby Of Your Heart", "The New Wears Off Too Fast", "Wild Side Of Life", "No Help Wanted", "Rub-A-Dub Dub", "John Henry", "Yesterday's Girl", "Wake Up, Irene", "Breakin' In Another Heart", "Wildwood Flower" and his latest hit, "Blackboard Of My Heart".

But having top-selling records is just a part of the "Waco Wonder's" success. During the early part of his "big-time" career, Hank booked mainly as a "single", worked various package shows and units. Then, he began to feel that in some way he was missing the boat by not having a good Western band to back him up. A good band, he reasoned, would enable him to offer the people,

as well as the promoters, a double bill an artist known by his recordings, plus a top Western dance band.

During the past few years, Hank has spent thousands of dollars in perfecting and presenting his "Brazos Valley Boys" — one of the great Country-Western aggregations in the land. Wherever they've appeared, throughout the U.S.A. and Canada, they've made a hit with the fans, who appreciate the efforts of this top-notch attraction no end. Little wonder that the virtuous Country music trade and fan publications have named Hank's combine as the outstanding Country-Western band in the nation, year after year.

Yes, this 31-year-old Texan has done alright for himself — and we Country music fans will be mighty happy to see Hank Thompson keep on chalkin' up the hits.

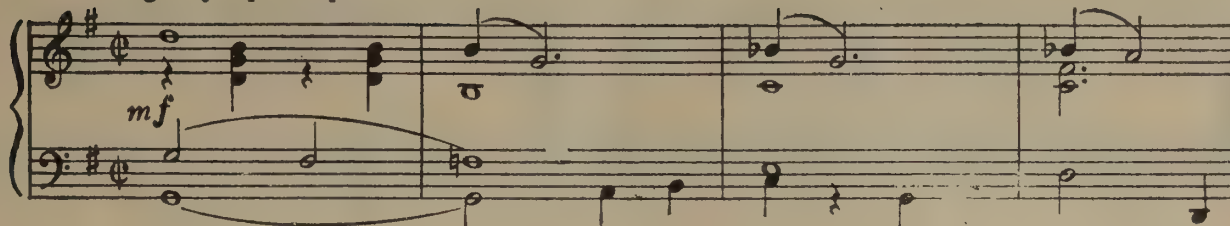
Incidentally, the rumor has it that "our boy" Hank will, in the very near future, be featured in a full-length motion picture. So, you guys and gals can keep those eyes and ears open and see what you can dig up on this bit of information. We certainly feel that handsome Mr. Thompson would be right smart as a motion picture idol.



## BLUE MOON OF KENTUCKY

Words & Music  
By BILL MONROE

Bright "jump" tempo



G C

BLUE MOON, \_\_\_\_\_ BLUE MOON, \_\_\_\_\_ BLUE

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef. The music is marked 'mf'. The vocal line has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line has a melody that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note C, and then a half note G. The piano accompaniment has a bass line that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note C, and then a half note G. The piano accompaniment has a chord progression of G, C, and G.

G Bb° D7 C

MOON, \_\_\_\_\_ Keep a - shin - in' bright; \_\_\_\_\_ BLUE

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef. The music is marked 'mf'. The vocal line has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line has a melody that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note Bb, and then a half note D. The piano accompaniment has a bass line that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note Bb, and then a half note D. The piano accompaniment has a chord progression of G, Bb°, D7, and C.

G G7 C

MOON, keep\_ on a - shin - in' bright, you're gon - na bring - a me back - a my

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The vocal line is on a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef. The music is marked 'mf'. The vocal line has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line has a melody that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note G7, and then a half note C. The piano accompaniment has a bass line that starts on a whole note G, followed by a half note G7, and then a half note C. The piano accompaniment has a chord progression of G, G7, and C.Copyright 1947 by PEER INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION  
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Cm6 G G° D7 G

ba - by to-night, BLUE MOON, Keep a - shin - in' bright!

Chorus G D7 G° G G7 C7

I said BLUE MOON of Ken - tuck - y, to keep on shin - ing, Shine

*mf-f*

G D7 G

on the one that's gone and left me blue;— I said BLUE MOON of Ken -

G7 C7 G D7 D7+ D7

luck - y to keep on shin - ing, Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.



G G7 C C7 G

Well, h-it was on one moon-light night, Stars shin-in'

G7 C C7 G D7

bright, Whis - per on high Love — said good - bye; BLUE

G G7 C7 G G°

MOON of Ken - tuck - y, Keep on shin - ing, Shine on the one that's

D7 D7+ D7 1. G A7 A7b5 D7 G D7 G° 2. G C7 C#° G

gone and left me blue. — I said BLUE



# TWENTY FEET OF MUDDY WATER

BILL SMITH

## MEDIUM BLUES

I'M GO-IN' DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY, MUD-DY WAT-ER, TO  
 I'M GO-IN' DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY MUD-DY WAT-ER, THO'

SEARCH THAT OLD RIV-ER BED I'M GO-IN'  
 I KNOW IT'S DARK AND COLD I'M GO-IN'

DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY, MUD-DY, WAT-ER, TO  
 DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY MUD-DY, WAT-ER, TO

PROVE THERE'S NO TRUTH IN WHAT OUR FRIENDS HAVE SAID THAT WHEN YOU  
 SEARCH FOR THAT PRE-CIOUS LIT-TLE BAND OF GOLD IT'S TRUE, IT

CROSSED THE BRIDGE THE OTH-ER DAY WELL, YOU  
 DID-N'T COST MUCH AND I COULD BUY MORE BUT YOU

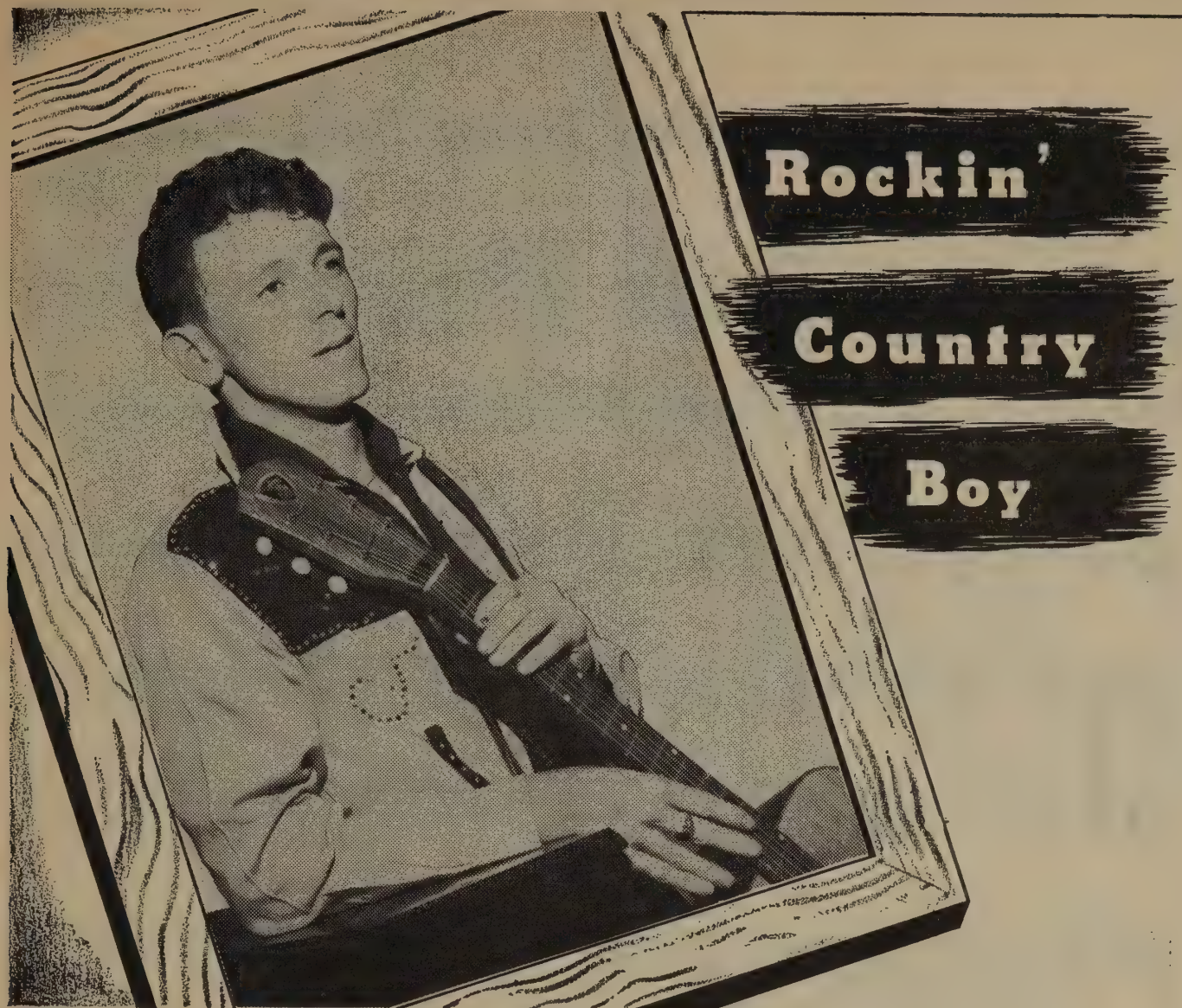
TOOK OFF MY RING AND YOU THREW IT A-WAY I'M GO-IN'  
 CAN'T BUY A HEART IN A JEW-EL-RY STORE I'M GO-IN'

DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY MUD-DY WAT-ER, TO  
 DOWN TWEN-TY FEET IN-TO THAT MUD-DY, MUD-DY WAT-ER, TO

TRY TO FIND THE ANS-WER THERE (2) I'M GO-IN' THERE

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## GENE VINCENT

"The Screaming End" is here — and he's crashed through the front gate of stardom with both feet in a sock sensation Capitol recording of "Be-Bop-A-Lula" and "Woman Love". Within three week's, fiery Gene Vincent's first waxing passed the 200,000 mark and continued to climb steadily upwards.

One of several hundred Rock-and-Roll specialists auditioned for Capitol, 21-year-old Gene was touted to the company's A and R men from Radio Station WCMS, in Norfolk, Virginia. There he had been making weekly personal appearances on "Country Showtime," and what he was doing to audiences was rated as nothing short of sensational.

The youngster came from practically nowhere to hit the spotlight. He had never had any previous professional experience. His playing had been confined to the forward deck of a tanker while he served with the United States Navy, and before that to his bedroom at home. He says most of his friends thought he was crazy because of the style he used — but it's the individuality of that style that is paying off now from coast to coast.

Ordinarily considered a rather shy and modest youngster, when Gene gets ahold of a guitar and gets a good beat,

like the one "The Blue Caps" afford him on records and personals, a fiery comes pouring out as if it had been under a terrific pressure.

This style was discovered by Gene back when he was only twelve-years-old. He first heard the pattern from which it was developed in a Virginia backwoods store. The rhythmic patter of the Negro Folk songs was contagious to the youngster, and applications of it haunted him for the next several years.

Finally he managed to borrow a guitar from a friend in West Virginia and from there he worked out the style that today is being heard from juke boxes and radios coast-to-coast.

Perhaps the sparkling talent of Gene Vincent would never have been waxed if it hadn't been for the urging of some of his close friends. When auditions for "Country Showtime" were announced over WCMS, his friends seemed to think Gene should tryout. He put it off for several days, but finally he mustered up a little nerve, swallowed his natural modesty whole, and put in a bid for a part in the show.

After he auditioned, he went home and waited. As a matter of fact, he even got scared again when he heard

an announcement to the effect that he had been selected for the show, and the station thought for a few days they had lost him and he had gone back to the nowhere from which he came. But fi-brand of music that can't be quenched nally he did show up, just in time to get in a few rehearsals for his first show — and from there on the story of Gene Vincent is current history.

Doctors have attributed some of Gene's sounds to a high and narrow roofed palate. Said his family doctor, "You have the strangest palate I have ever seen." Perhaps that helps explain why Gene Vincent has become known as "The Screaming End."

For you people who enjoy those "real crazy" rock 'n' roll sounds, the new thing happening on Capitol is Gene's tremendous album. He certainly "wails a storm." The thing to do is to get right down to your favorite record store and order your platter right now, because in this album you get the top R&R songs of the day, plus some fine ballads, done in the intriguing style of Gene Vincent. Latest reports are that Gene's "Be-Bop-A-Lula" side has gone well over the million mark in sales and that his album is following close behind.



# You Can Give My Heart Back Now

Words and Music by  
HANK THOMPSON  
DON CLAY  
RED MANSELL

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature, playing a simple bass line with eighth notes.

## CHORUS

**F**

The first line of the chorus consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "You can give my heart back now. \_\_\_\_\_ You did - n't want it an - y -". The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, playing a simple bass line.

C7 Gm7 C7 F Eb7 D7

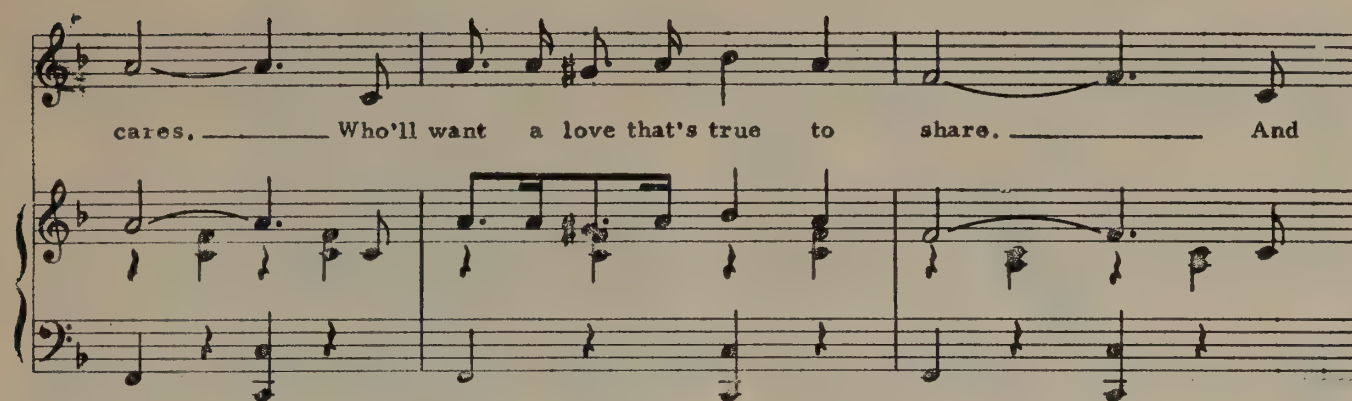
The second line of the chorus consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "how. \_\_\_\_\_ There was a time \_\_\_\_\_ when you were mine, \_\_\_\_\_ But". The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, playing a simple bass line.

Gm G7 C7 Gm7 C7 F

The third line of the chorus consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "our love has died some- how. I'll find a girl who real - ly". The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, playing a simple bass line.

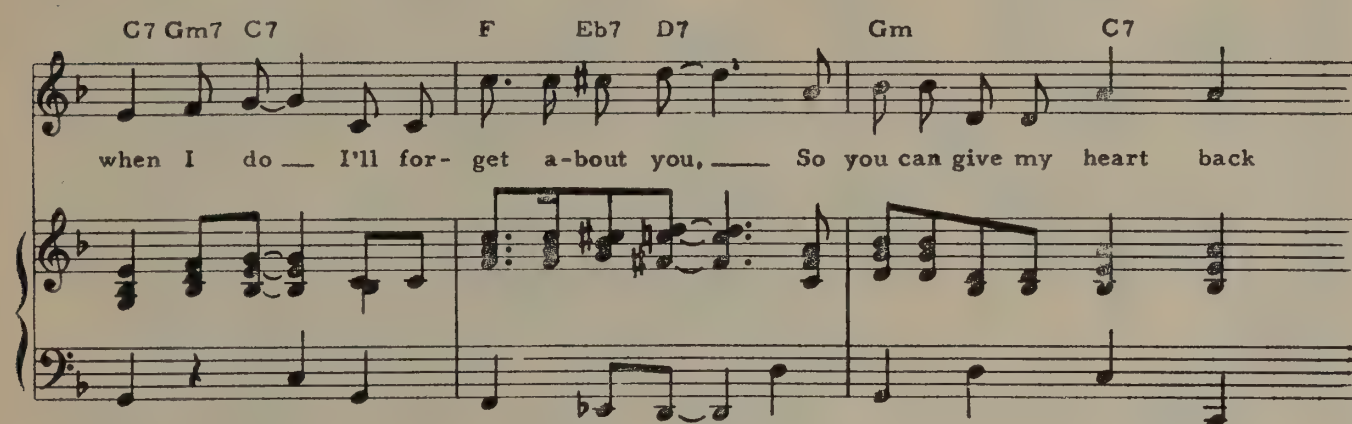
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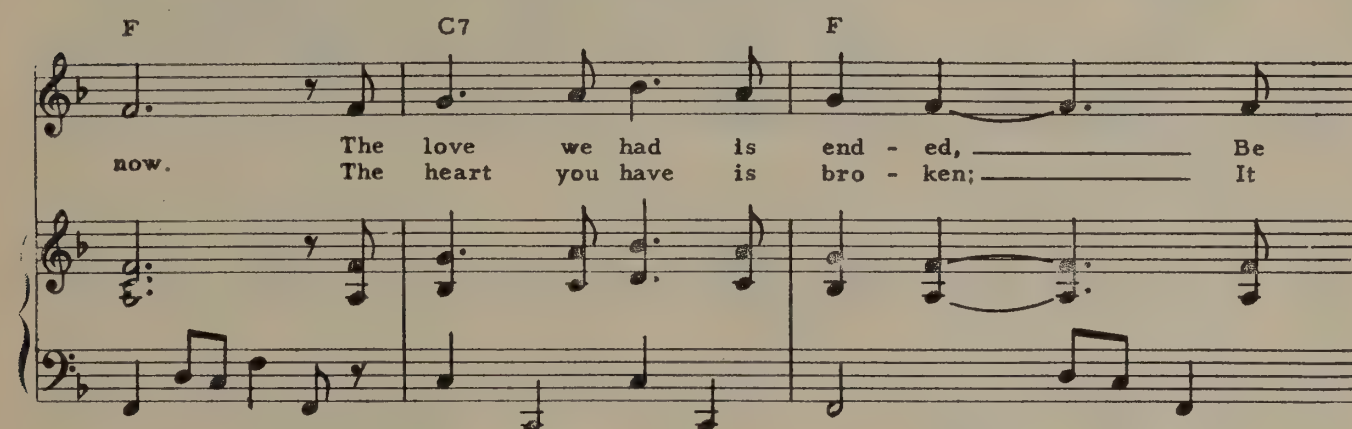
cares. \_\_\_\_\_ Who'll want a love that's true to share. \_\_\_\_\_ And

C7 Gm7 C7 F Eb7 D7 Gm C7



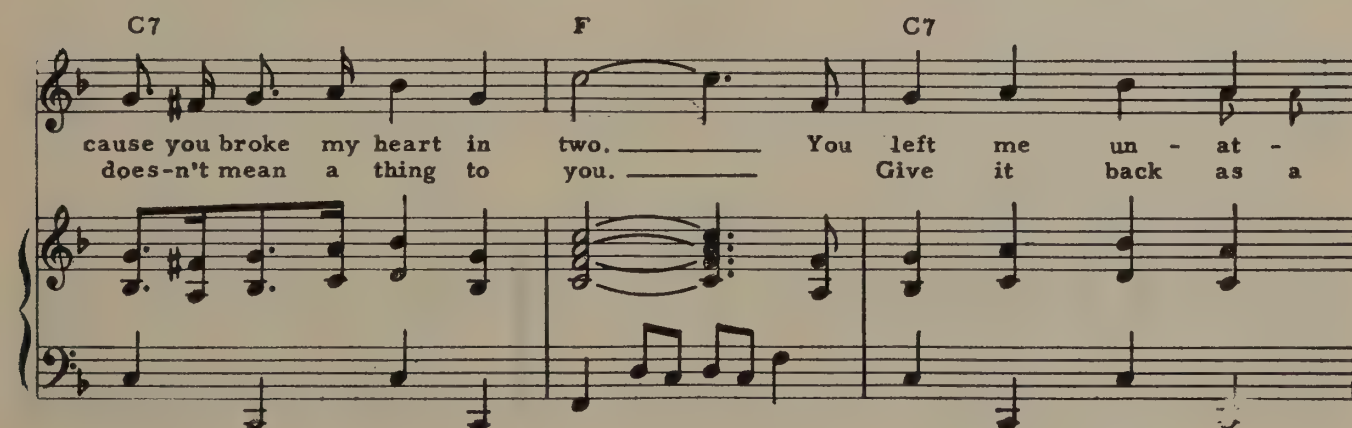
when I do — I'll for- get a-bout you, — So you can give my heart back

F C7 F



now. The love we had is end - ed, \_\_\_\_\_ Be  
The heart you have is bro - ken; \_\_\_\_\_ It

C7 F C7



cause you broke my heart in two. \_\_\_\_\_ You left me un - at -  
does-n't mean a thing to you. \_\_\_\_\_ Give it back as a



F G7 C7 G7 C7

tend - ed And found some-bod - y new. I,  
to - ken Of a love that we once knew. You

F

guess that puts your mind at ease To know that you are rid of  
put a wrin- kle in my brow; The things you did I can't al

C7 Gm7 C7 F Eb7 D7

me. A love not pure just won't en - dure, So  
low. Just send it to me C. O. D.

Gm C7 1 F C7 2 F

you can give my heart back please.  
I want my heart back now.





# THE LUCKY THREE SOME ONE

Now that brother Jim is in basic training (at the time of this writing) the other members of "The Browns", Maxine and Bonnie, are chancing it alone. That seems to be the story of the entertaining Brown family.

The team of Jim Edward and Maxine Brown took their first chance when they decided on a career in Country music. However, the powerful success of their records, the wild stampin' and applause at personal appearances proved this was a wise move. But the opportunity to take a chance soon again "popped up". At home, just aching to get into the act, was their beautiful younger sister Bonnie. Some folks feared that bringing Bonnie into an act that was already successful was too big a risk. Yet, that didn't stop the Browns, so they were on their way as a trio — two pretty gals and a guy — pickin' and singin' their way into the hearts of Country fans everywhere.

During this time, the young threesome had enjoyed a wonderful relationship with Fabor Records. Fabor had done a fine job in promoting their discs, yet they felt it was time for a change. Steve Sholes, who "rides here" on the Country entertainers for RCA Victor, had had his eye on the Browns for some time — and moved right in when he saw the opportunity. Again, the well-meaning people warned: "Don't switch horses in the middle of the stream". Needless to say, they made the change — and with beautiful results!

Uncle Sam has no favorite neph-

## THE BROWNS —

Jim Edward

Bonnie

&

Maxine

ews — he loves them all and sent his "greeting" to Jim Edward via the President. Being a dutiful young American, Jim E. donned the garb of an Army private and started his basic training at Fort Carson, Colorado.

The problem was left to the girls: "What to do with the act?" They could ride the trail alone, or go into retirement until brother Jim returned to his cowboy boots. But, like so many times before, they took the chance and went on to score as a sister team via personal appearances. They returned to the "Ozark Jubilee" (KWTO, Springfield, Mo.), and to the delight of the fans the girls sang with Bobby Ford ("Goo-Goo-Dada") and the one and only Red Foley ("As Far As I'm Concerned"). The show was happy to have the Brown girls as guests — and by the sound of their applause, so were the fans in the audience.

When you come right down to it, the Browns didn't take a chance at all. With all their talent, it was a sure thing that success would be on their side. Their new RCA Victor record, "I Take The Chance", has taken a "big hold" on Country music lovers, and looks like it's going to be tops on the charts. Maxine and Bonnie are being rushed for personal appearances and TV shows ever since "Chance" was released. We guess brother Jim Edward is pretty proud of his two sisters for the way they're taking care of things — and who could blame him?



# YOU GOTTA BE MY BABY

BY  
GEORGE JONES

OH YOU SAID YOU WAS MY BA-BY, NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'RE MY BA-BY, BUT IT  
NOW I HEARD THERE WAS AN- OTH-ER, SO I WENT AND ASKED YOUR MOTH-ER IF  
SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'VE GOT ROY-IN' EYES. — IF YOU'RE GON- NA BE MY  
AN- Y- BOD- Y HUNG A-ROUND 'SIDES ME. — SHE GAVE ME NO SAT- IS-  
BA-BY, THEN YOU'VE GOT TO BE MY BA-BY, YOU CAN'T KEEP A FING- ER  
FAC- TION, SO NOW I CAN TAKE NO AC- TION BUT I THINK I'LL JUST  
IN- TO DIF- FRENT PIES. — I RE- MEM- BER HOW YOU PLEAD- ED WHEN YOU  
HANG A- ROUND AND SEE. — IF YOU WANT- A BE MY BA- BY THEN YOU'RE  
TOLD ME THAT YOU NEED- ED ALL MY LOVE, AND I BE- LIEVED WITH- OUT A  
GON- NA BE MY BA- BY, YOU GOT- TA COME AND TELL ME  
DOUBT — SO IF YOU'RE GON- NA BE MY BA- BY THEN YOU'VE GOT TO BE MY  
SO. — IF YOU WANT- A BE MY BA- BY THEN YOU'VE GOT TO BE MY  
BA- BY AND YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE THEM KISS- IN' COUS- INS OUT. — OH WHEN YOU'RE  
BA- BY, I'M TIRED OF WAIT- IN' 'ROUND, SO LET ME KNOW. —  
HIGH STEP- PIN' I'M A - CRAWL- IN' LOW. — I GET SUS-  
PI- CIOUS AND I'M GON- NA TELL YOU SO. — IF YOU WANT TO BE MY BA- BY, THEN YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE MY BA- BY — AND BE NO- BOD- Y'S BA- BY BUT MINE. —

OPTIONAL OCTAVE LOWER — — —

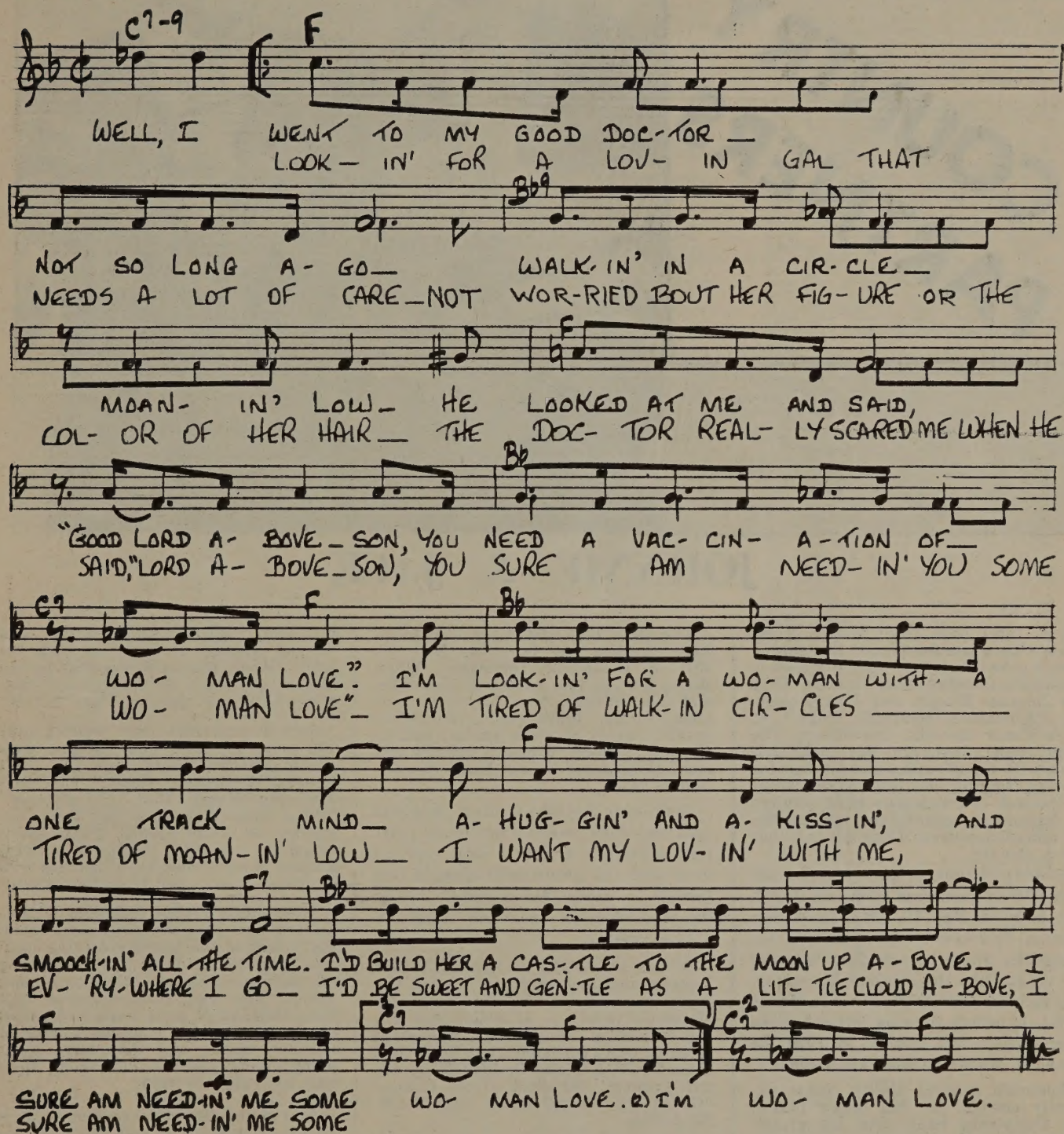
(AS IS)



## WOMAN LOVE

BY  
JACK RHODES

MEDIUM BLUES TEMPO



WELL, I WENT TO MY GOOD DOC-TOR -  
LOOK-IN' FOR A LOV-IN GAL THAT

NOT SO LONG A-GO - WALK-IN' IN A CIR-CLE -  
NEEDS A LOT OF CARE - NOT WOR-RIED BOUT HER FIG-URE OR THE

MOAN-IN' LOW - HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID,  
COL-OR OF HER HAIR - THE DOC-TOR REAL-LY SCARED ME WHEN HE

"GOOD LORD A-BOVE - SON, YOU NEED A VAC-CIN-A-TION OF -  
SAID, 'LORD A-BOVE - SON, YOU SURE AM NEED-IN' YOU SOME

WO-MAN LOVE." I'M LOOK-IN' FOR A WO-MAN WITH A  
WO-MAN LOVE' - I'M TIRED OF WALK-IN CIR-CLES

ONE TRACK MIND - A-HUG-GIN' AND A-KISS-IN', AND  
TIRED OF MOAN-IN' LOW - I WANT MY LOV-IN' WITH ME,

SMOOTH-IN' ALL THE TIME. I'D BUILD HER A CAS-TLE TO THE MOON UP A-BOVE - I  
EV-'RY-WHERE I GO - I'D BE SWEET AND GEN-TLE AS A LIT-TLE CLOUD A-BOVE, I

SURE AM NEED-IN' ME SOME WO-MAN LOVE. I'M WO-MAN LOVE.





## JOHNNIE & JACK

Two farm boys from Middle Tennessee with a yen for pickin' and singin' have worked their way to a top spot in America's Country music circles. They are Johnnie Wright and Jack Anglin, the "Tennessee Mountain Boys," of RCA Victor Records and "Grand Ole Opry" fame. Both are big, husky fellows, with broad smiles and a talent for writing, singing and playing the songs of the soil — which puts their services in demand in auditoriums and on the air almost anywhere folks get together for a shindig.

Johnnie Wright, originator and manager of the "Tennessee Mountain Boys", was born on May 13, 1914, in Wilson County, Tennessee, fifteen miles from Nashville, where he was first to make his reputation. He received his education through the eighth grade in Mount Juliet, at which time he left school to help support his family. In 1928, he moved to Nashville with his parents.

Johnnie's musical ability comes naturally enough, for his father played the five-string banjo and his grandfather was, at one time, a champion old-time fiddler. The entire family often played for square dances in the neighboring community, and people would gather from miles around to dance and listen to the Country harmonies. Johnnie's favorite hobbies are fishing and hunting. He is happily married to the famous Kitty Wells and the father of three children — Ruby Jean, Johnnie Robert (stage name, Bobby Wright) and Carol Sue.

The other half of the starring team, Jack Anglin, was born on May 13, 1916, in Columbia, Tennessee. When still a boy he, too, moved to Nashville, and like Johnnie, was forced to quit school in the eighth grade. His father taught him to play the guitar, and he and his brothers formed a quartet and made their debut over a Nashville station in 1936.

Jack is six feet one inch tall, has blue eyes and dark brown hair. He is married to Johnnie Wright's sister and has been with the group ever since it was formed — except for a period during the war when he spent two years on duty overseas.

It was at WSIX, in Nashville, that Johnnie and Jack met and formed the group now known as "The Tennessee Mountain Boys" — of which they are the vocalists. They really started to zoom to fame when they cut their first sides for RCA Victor in 1949. They are still knockin' 'em dead on the famous "Grand Ole Opry," heard over WSM, Nashville.

Johnnie and Jack are the famous originators of a new style in Country music. Some listeners claim it has a Latin flavor and that the rhythm is a cross between a rumba and a samba. Johnnie and Jack both deny that there is anything new in the rhythm for which they are famous. "Heck, we've been doing it all our lives," they say.

Their first record using this style was "Poison Love" and was an immediate

hit. They followed this record with "Cryin' Heart Blues," also with the Latin flavor. Recent Victor hits by the duo include "I Get So Lonely" and "Sincerley", "Weary Moments" and "S.O.S."

Johnnie and Jack have written over 100 songs together. Some of the tunes which you have heard are "You Can't Conceal A Broken Heart," "I Can't Tell My Heart That," "Lonesome," "What About You" and "Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide." Their latest smash 1 on RCA Victor is a ditty dubbed "Love, Love, Love" backed with "I Loved You Better Than You Knew".

Most music critics feel that Johnnie & Jack have two of the finest "blending" voices in the music recording business, and this could be one reason why all their platters are such tremendous sellers. You must also remember that both these boys were born and raised on the pure and wholesome sounds of Country music, and they have spent many, many years in developing their truly remarkable style.

You might also be interested to know that more Johnnie & Jack fan clubs are springing day by day and that their fans are among the most loyal. Naturally, both J & J realize this fact and are always on the lookout to sing the songs the fans want to hear. These boys conclude and offer as much help as they continually try to keep in touch with their can. You must admit they're truly fine "Country Partners."



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- ☐ WILL YOU BE SATISFIED THAT WAY—MUDDY WATER BLUES—Jim. Skinner
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- ☐ I'LL KNOW YOU'RE GONE—HOW LONG WILL IT BE?—M. Robbins & L. Emerson
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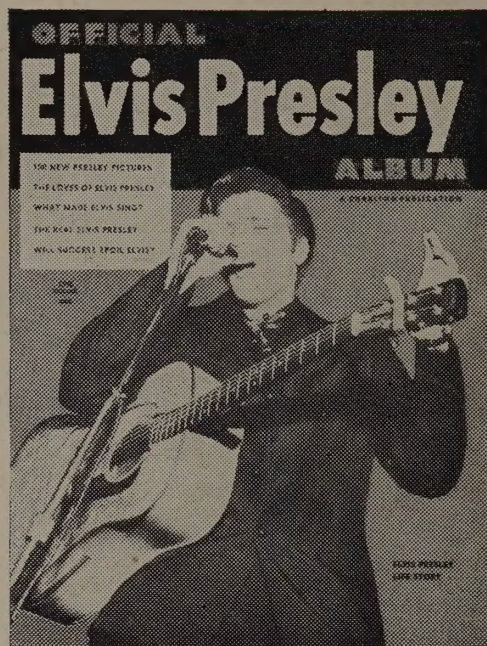
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